Gru. My M^r is growne quarrelſome:
I ſhould knocke you firſt,
And then I know after who comes by the worſt.
Petr. Will it not be?
Faith Sirrah, and you'l not knocke Ile ring it,
Ile trie how you can *Sol, Fa,* and ſing it.

He rings him by the eares

Gru. Helpe miſtris helpe, my maſter is mad.
Petr. Now knocke when I bid you: ſirrah villaine.

Enter Hortenſio

Hor. How now, what's the matter? my old friend *Grumio*, and my good friend *Petruchio*? How do you all at *Verona*?
Petr. Signior *Hortenſio* come you to part the fray?
Conutti le core bene trobatto, may I ſay.
Hor. Alla noſtra caſa benevenuto multo honorata ſignior mio Petruchio.
Riſe *Grumio* riſe, we will compound this quarrell.
Gru. Nay 'tis no matter ſir, what he leges in Latine. If this be not a lawfull cauſe for me to leaue his ſeruice, looke you ſir: He bid me knocke him, and & rap him ſoundly ſir, Well, was it fit for a ſeruant to vſe his maſter ſo, being perhaps (for ought I ſee) two and thirty, a peepe out? Whome would to God I had well knockt at firſt then had not *Grumio* come by the worſt.
Petr. A ſenceleſſe villaine: good *Hortenſio*,
I bad the raſcall knocke vpon your gate,
And could not get him for my heart to do it.
Gru. Knocke at the gate? Oh heauens: ſpake you not theſe words plaine? Sirra, Knocke me heere: rappe me heere: knock me well, and knocke me ſoundly? And come you now with knocking at the gate?
Pet. Sirra be gon, or talke not I aduiſe you.
Hor. Petruchio patience, I am *Grumio's* pledge:
Why this a heauie chance twixt him and you,
Your ancient truſtie pleaſant ſeruant *Grumio*:
And tell me now (ſweete friend) what happie gale
Blowes you to *Padua* heere, from old *Verona*?
Petr. Such winde as ſcatters yong men through the world,
To ſeeke their fortunes farther then at home,
Where ſmall experience growes but in a few.

Signior

Signior *Hortenſio*, thus it ſtands with me,
Antonio my father is deceaſt,
And I haue thruſt my ſelfe into this maze,
Happily to wiue and thriue, as beſt I may:
Crownes in my purſe I haue, and goods at home,
And ſo am come abroad to ſee the world.
Hor. Petruchio, ſhall I then come roundly to thee,
And wiſh thee to a ſhrew'd ill-fauor'd wife?
Thou'dſt thanke me but a little for my counſell:
And yet Ile promiſe thee ſhe ſhall be rich,
And verie rich: but th'art too much my friend,
And Ile not wiſh thee to her.
Petr. Hortenſio, 'twixt ſuch friends as wee,
Few words ſuffice: and therefore, if thou know
One rich enough to be *Petruchio's* wife:
As wealth is burthen of my woing dance)
Be ſhe as foule as was *Florentius* Loue,
As old as *Sibell*, and as curſt and ſhrow'd
As *Socrates Zentippe*, or a worſe:
She moues me not, or not remoues at leaſt
Affections edge in me. Were ſhe as rough
As are the ſwelling *Adriaticke* ſeas.
I come to wiue it wealthily in *Padua*:
If wealthily, then happily in *Padua*.
Grue. Nay looke you ſir, he tels you flatly what his minde is
Why giue him gold enough, and marrie him to a Puppet or a
Aglet babie, or an old trot with ne're a tooth in her head, though
ſhe haue as many diſeaſes as two and fiftie horſes. Why nothing
comes amiſſe, ſo monie comes withall.
Hor. Petruchio, ſince we are ſtept thus farr in,
I will continue that I broach'd in ieſt,
I can *Petruchio* helpe thee to a wife
With wealth enough, and yong and beautious,
Brought vp as beſt becomes a Gentlewoman.
Her only fault and that is faults enough,
Is, that ſhe is intollerable curſt,
And ſhrow'd and froward, ſo beyond all meaſure,
That were my ſtate farre worſer then it is,
I would not wed her for a mine of Gold.

Petr